MUKBANG
PRINCESS
RAYNE HAVOK

Mukbang princess

By rayne havok

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March 2021

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May offend

Mukbang
Pronounced: mookbong
Translated: eating broadcast

Chapter
1

“I have an idea," I say, interrupting Jenn who’s scrolling on her phone.

"An idea for what?" she says, looking up for only a second before going back to what she was doing.

"An idea for how to get money."

"Oh, my gawd, we're back on *this* again."

"Do you, like, *never* want to move out of your parents’ house?"

"Tell me the plan."

"Mukbang."

"I don’t know what that is, but if it’s sex stuff, Trevor already has me on my knees all day."

"Mukbang is not sex stuff. Aren’t you on the internet, like, have you *seen* a fucking youtube video? It’s the thing where they eat a bunch of shit, like a *lot*."

"Eew."

"Not eww, you just sit there and eat. Dude, I’m sure people have to be making *bank* on it because those videos are literally *all* over."

"So, there’s probably enough. I don’t think we can make money in a flooded market."

"Jesus, Jenn you sound like your dad. *Porn* is a mother fucking *flooded* market and girls still make all kinds of money. Don’t tell me we can’t think of an original thing to eat to get noticed."

She puts her phone down and looks over at my laptop. I pulled up some things to look at that might get her interested. If we can make a good living off just eating things, how the fuck could we turn it down?

"See, she's just eating," I say.

"Jesus Sam, she's gonna eat *all* that?"

It's a small girl eating egg after egg in some broth she's also drinking. The bowl is larger than her head. Next, a girl sits on the floor, in what looks like her bedroom, eating a hunk of raw steak.

Click.

"I don't think I want to do this," she says, her face looking a little like she might be feeling nauseous.

"We don't have to eat *this* stuff, perse. We can eat whatever, we just have to find what we want to eat a lot of, and try it, maybe we'll be good at it and we can escape to bigger and better things."

"I mean, I *want* to want to, it doesn't sound *too* hard, if I could eat something that doesn't make me throw up."

"Even if you *do* throw up, maybe that's a thing too, maybe it gets more attention when that happens."

She looks at me a little suspicious. "You haven't actually done much research, have you?"

"Uh, no. But that doesn't mean I don't know what I'm talking about. This will be good. We can spend some time looking at some videos just to see what it's all about, maybe get an idea for what's getting the most subscribers, or whatever, then just do that… but *better*."

"Fine, we can look at videos and do some market research."

I side-eye her, "You better be able to make this profitable with all that bullshit you keep saying. If I wanted to hang out with your dad, I would."

"It's not bullshit, that's what it's called."

"Whatever, get over here, let's see what we gotta do."

Much like always, we watch video after video, the things these people, women usually, eat is abundant. Like *so* much food. It seems like the highest watched and rated are: raw meat, the ones who can look good while doing it, and the ones who can eat the most.

Hours of videos and we haven't found what we're looking for, I'm going deeper into the videos, but they're all the same tone, nothing is screaming 'break-out' star to me.

I look at Jenn, give her a little smirk as I think about what I'm going to do next.

"What?" She sounds like she's dreading whatever thought has crept into my head. I'm not usually the best with ideas, or rather, the best with assuming the *consequences* for the ideas. We've not ended up calling our parents from a jail cell, but that's only because, when two teen girls tell you they'll suck your dick if you don't take them in, you let them off with a warning. It only happened once, but I'll never live it down. Sweaty cop-crotch is *not* the most fun way to avoid trouble.

I enter Simplyfans in my search bar and she scoffs, but when I enter my password, telling her that I do have an account already, she laughs.

"Of fucking *course* you have an account."

"What? A girl's gotta do what she's gotta do."

I type 'mukbang' into the search and scroll through the selections. There are less here, in fact, only a couple pages. Probably because they can get away with it on nonpaid sites and build a larger audience—get paid by advertisers instead. Makes their mommies proud when they don't fall down the dreaded *Simplyfans* rabbit hole. Influencer is a much classier status.

There's a little hint of what everyone is selling, and a small photo to seal the deal. I slowly scroll, reading the bios and looking for anything that I think stands out.

Then I see it. The frozen image of a beautiful girl, looks young, maybe our age, less than 20, for sure. Blonde, thin, the whole package. The thing I like the most is the mask, she's got on an old school bank robber mask, black, with the eye hole cut-outs, tied behind the back of her head.

It makes me wonder what she needs the anonymity for. The plate in front of her is empty, so I can't see what she's got planned for her meal.

I click on the photo link, pink so hot its glowing, glitter, and stars! Mukbang Princess's profile enlarges.

"I have a once in a lifetime meal planned for you all, something that will delight all the fans of filth."

There is a four-hundred-dollar price tag on it and it's blowing my fucking *mind*. Could *we* possibly get 400 dollars a pop for something like this?! I have to know what she's selling so we can do *that*.

It’s not her only video, but the other still-shots don’t have enough information, I can’t glean anything else from her profile other than, for some reason, she likes to be hidden.

"We *have* to do this," I say

"Uh, *no*. It’s 400 dollars! If we *had* 400 dollars we wouldn’t even be here right now."

"If we had 400 hundred dollars, we could see how she makes that much money from who knows *how* many people. That’s a *lot* of 400 dollars-es."

"No! It’s too much."

"We’re trying to build a business here; you have to spend money to make money."

"I don’t have that much money."

"Yea you do, you have that credit card your parents got you."

"It’s for *emergencies*!" she squeals.

"And you don’t think this is important enough to use it."

"*Ab*solutely not."

I grumble at her, "You know, I *hate* to do this, but I’m going to use my favor."

"You *wouldn’t*."

"You called me hysterical, begging for help and I helped, now I need your help."

"Me, calling you scared to be pregnant with a child I didn’t want, and asking for assistance getting an abortion, is not the same as wanting to watch a video."

"*I* was there for you, *I* drove you, waited for you, paid for most of it like *I* was the one who shoved it into you. I did it all, like a best friend should. And now, I can’t even call upon you to return the favor." I’m guilt tripping her, I know it’s a horrible thing to do, especially because her issue really was *so* much more than this.

But I want this like I’ve never wanted anything. I didn’t even know I was looking for something like this, until I read the warning.

"I swear to god, I *better* not regret this, and you *better* pay me back."

"Of course, and I’ll owe you one."

"Fine." Reluctantly, she digs into her purse, pulling out the shiny card that I don’t think has been used for anything in the two weeks she’s had it, and hands it to me, bringing with it an opportunity to get rich, and also, find

out what Mukbang Princess is all about. "Do you think they'll be discreet with the disruption of the purchase on the bill?"

"I don't know, I'm sure they will. When we bought the vibrators online, that company was, Simplyfans *has* to know to do that."

I finally have the glorious card in my fingers, and in no time, I have the money spent, and access to the video link in some secure server that promises to be untraceable.

Jenn looks excited, but not as excited as I am.

Chapter 2

As we watch the routing process take forever to ping around the world, a small part of me is regretting buying the video. What if it sucks? What if it was a *scam*, or like, a bait and switch thing. What if it's nothing more than what we've been watching with a price tag that makes you think it's something special, but then, it isn't?

Shit. I may have made a mistake. We could have splurged on some really cool shit with that money. But I can't let Jenn know that I have buyer's remorse. I'm sure she has her own. So, I try to keep my cool and just hit play when the download becomes available.

The video comes to life, the pretty girl already has her mask in place. She's wearing a white summer dress, light and airy with thin straps. You can tell she isn't wearing a bra, which adds to the scene for sure. I'll have to make note of that.

She's kneeling on a white blanket with a place setting for one, a large platter with silverware to one side, and a tall wine glass full of red. The back-drop is also white, making it all look virginal.

She takes a sip, and sets it back down, looks at her watch as if she's waiting for the right time. She starts breathing hard, in through her nose, out through her mouth. She puts her hands on her knees and continues.

Jenn bursts out laughing. "Are *we* gonna to have to get ready like *this*? She looks so stupid, and I feel like she's exaggerating."

I look at her and start my own fit of laughter. "Right!" I mock the woman, breathing like a yoga instructor.

The girl comes up, looks at her watch again, and restarts her breathing. This time, she cries out, bearing down on her knees. Rapid breaths in between moans.

"It sounds like she's fucking."

I look at Mukbang Princess's face, her teeth are clenched and beads of sweat freckle her brow.

Once more, she looks at her watch, and then she lifts her dress. The full belly of pregnancy is obvious now. She spreads her legs, her vag is open. And, upon closer inspection, there is a tuft of dark hair coming out the slit.

"What the *fuck*," Jenn says, but doesn't stop watching.

"Yea," I respond, although it's not necessary.

Mukbang Princess comes up on her knees and I watch her push hard.

Grunting.

Pushing.

Grunting.

She sits back on her haunches, breathing rapidly. She wipes the sweat from her face with the back of her hand, takes another sip of wine, this one much larger than the tentative one before and then she rises up again.

Push.

Grunt.

Push.

Grunt.

And then I see it. A face, bloody and muck-covered, peeks out. She rests back on her feet, looking at the thing between her legs.

Another drink.

And then she reaches down and pulls at it while she screams.

The baby is born.

My mouth is dry, my eyes ache from hyper focus. My palms are slick with sweat.

I hear Jenn breathing like she does when we watch horror movies. It's quick with combined anticipation and fear.

Same.

Princess wipes the baby. It's not crying, but it is squirming. I thought you had to hit them, to like, jumpstart them. But I guess you don't. She sets him, it's a boy, on the blanket, over to the side, as far away as the umbilical cord will allow.

She drinks more. I'm a little less judgmental now that she isn't pregnant anymore, then pours more, almost full to the brim.

She reaches between her legs again, tugging at the cord still inside of her. I don't know what I expect, but her pulling out a giant sack isn't near the top.

I look over at Jenn, whose face is saying exactly what mine must be. That we both didn't know *that* was going to happen.

"The fuck."

"Placenta."

"Oh, *eww*." I force myself to swallow down my distaste and then watch as the girl puts the sack onto the plate.

Before I can come to terms with what I *think* she might be doing, she takes a bite of it, it pulls away like it's rubbery in texture. She chews it over and over and then swallows it, another bite. She wipes the juice dripping down her chin, licks her lips, and then takes another bite.

She takes a sip of wine, leaving bloody prints behind on the glass.

Another bite.

The gummy texture seems like a laborious job for her jaw, but she doesn't stop. She takes bite after bite until she makes it to the cord which she squeezes, milking what is inside to the top, and then eating it like a squeeze yogurt. The fluid oozes to the tip, and then onto her tongue. Then she moves the cord to the side of her mouth and bites down hard with her back teeth, tearing it away.

This seems even more difficult to manage, but she does. She wipes her hand on her dress making it look more like it was used to clean up a period mishap. I don't think these stains will come out.

She's pulled her dress back over her kitty, but I can see a pool of ick between her legs, there's a slow drip still coming out of her. The process of birth has *actually* traumatized me.

It's absolutely *disgusting*.

She licks a dribble of fluid running down the side of her hand and then takes another bite. She's getting closer to the baby, who seems pretty content to just lay there while mommy eats.

I've seen cats be born, so I'm no stranger to this, but in nature, where the mother eats the placenta—that's *supposed* to happen. With humans, it's not. And even those women who think that eating their placenta is *life* changing, or whatever, they probably cook it and season it like a steak. But not *this*. *Never* this.

Her plate is finally empty. She takes a long drink and then she moves the baby over to the platter.

My jaw falls open. She can*not* be about to do what I *think* she's implying she's going to be doing.

Jenn is looking at me, I can feel her eyes burning a hole in my face, but I can't look away from the screen. I can't risk it. Instead, I stare at the baby, trying to see a mechanical device or wires tugging at his limbs, moving him about. Something that tells me that this is a magic trick and I just don't see the way it's being done.

The girl picks the baby up, like anyone would, under the armpits, and holds it to her face, she licks his cheek, the white gooey stuff covers her tongue. One more lick and she bites down. The scream that comes from the baby as his cheek rips away is nothing you can fake.

Jenn gasps.

I gasp.

And then the girl turns the baby around to show the camera the chunk gone from her baby pouring blood down the front of him. She takes a bite out of his shoulder, and I watch, horrified by the howling as his flesh comes away. More blood. So much blood.

Another bite from his shoulder area.

She chews and chews.

The high-pitched stuttering cry is overwhelming. Almost worse than watching her consume him. She moves onto the other shoulder when she's exposed the bone.

Pausing for a moment, she sets him on the platter to take a drink.

Just when I think it couldn't get any worse, she wrenches his arm, snapping the bone free, and puts it to her mouth like a chicken leg.

He's wailing, hiccupping, and his little legs are kicking wildly as she eats away at him.

Two wet spots swell on her chest, her breast milk, instinctively flooding to help her crying baby.

Putting the bones on the platter, she buries her face in his tummy, tearing away a hunk, one after the other, exposing his insides. The organs she created for him, slurping into her mouth, masticated in her teeth.

He doesn't cry anymore, I can't tell if he's dead, but she doesn't stop, she doesn't hesitate. She just keeps eating, pulling him apart, shoving anything into her mouth that isn't bone, gristle or stringy tendons.

She flips him over, tearing into his two little butt cheeks and chewing them slowly. The platter is full of blood, she gets close to it and slurps some of it into her mouth.

She holds him up, looking like a bloody turkey carcass, and digs a finger into his eye socket, popping the orb into her mouth, and then the other.

She rests her bloody hands on her knees, savoring the last bite.

The screen is frozen with that being the end scene.

We both stare, stunned into a silence that fills the air in the room with dread.

"I'm *literally* never letting you have money again."

I can't help it, I laugh. There's something that happens to you after you see the most horrific thing imaginable. It turns your brain into some fucked up thing, and the only way to rectify the situation is to laugh, it bubbles up in some freakish, burning need to expel and exorcise the horror.

She laughs too. This is some cuckoo's nest shit, hysteria at its purest.

"I guess I know what we can do to save money on the next abortion," she says.

I thought *I* was fucked up; this girl has a morbid sense of humor.

"I'll watch, but I'm not doing it. Did you see how much effort it took her to *chew* that thing?"

"Right?! It was like beef jerky. We'll cook mine, slow roasted, so he falls off the bone.

"Ok. Slow roasted baby."

"But really, I don't want to do the mukgang thing anymore."

"Yea, me either. Looks like a lot of work."

"Maybe we could just get normal jobs, something that will hire us as a pair."

"Oh, for sure, I'm taking a break from the internet for a while too, there's too much shit available on there."

She shuts the laptop. "Starting now."

The end